

Forced Destiny
The Destiny Series
Book One

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Creeper

I awoke in a cold sweat. This was the third time this week I'd had the same dream. Though it was more of a nightmare. It seemed to happen every other night. In the dream I am being stalked; by what I don't know: go figure. All I know is that I try running from it but when the red eyes catch up to me everything's blacked out. Then I wake up. I have heard people say that dreams are a way to tell you something. Unless this dream is trying to tell me that some creep is going to throw a blanket over my head, then I don't know what it means.

I sat up with my knees tucked against my stomach. I'd never been one to have recurring dreams. I thought about anything that could've triggered them but there wasn't anything I could think of. What great help I was being to myself. The past two times I didn't go back to sleep, so I knew that it was useless to even try to attempt it. Oh how I wanted to kick this dream's ass. I ran a frustrated hand over my blood-shot eyes and groaned. Since I wasn't going back to sleep I tried to make a mental note on what I was going to wear to work the upcoming day. I didn't have much but cherished all I did have. Money was just making a comeback as currency and businesses were trying to re-establish themselves. Slowly but surely commerce would reclaim its place at the helm of society. And, of course, I was in the middle of it all, as so many people were.

I still couldn't figure out what I wanted to wear. I did want to look good, but at the same time I wasn't a diva and, truth be told, I didn't want to be. The last diva I met I'd wanted to knock her out. I think the fist-to-mouth method works wonders on them.

After finally deciding on what I was going to wear, I decided I could not stay sitting in my bed like a useless lump. So, I got up and strolled into the living room area where the kitchen and the living room were combined. What I loved about this apartment was that it was located on one of the highest floors in our building, and I could get lost by looking out the window towards the vast sky. Most of the time when I gaze out the window it is during this serene time of day. The rain pounded against the building: The rhythmic rataplan lulling me away from the bad dreams and bad thoughts.

They used to call this city ‘the city that never sleeps’ How ironic now that you can hear a pin drop. I have to say that life is better after the war or so I’ve heard. I wasn’t alive during the before time and, I was just a baby as everything started clearing up. I’m grateful for that. I can just imagine the dreams I would be having if I grew up during that crappy time. Anyway, the world is still rebuilding itself, trying to get itself back to where it once was. I guess these things took time, but money was making a comeback and the economy was stabilizing itself. So, there was hope, or maybe I was just foolish. Maybe I am just a blind optimist.

The current economy is run by crooks, crime bosses, and corrupt politicians. I guess we, as humans, do not learn from our previous mistakes. I guess it is in our nature to destroy ourselves. A sudden knot in my stomach snapped me back into my harsh reality, and I realized someone was in the room with me now. I’ve always had good senses; sometimes I feel like they are freakishly good.

“Hey, Zack, why don’t you go back to bed on your own two legs, or do I have to escort you back to Dee’s room?” Dee was my roommate.

“Come on, Luna! You know you have that feeling for me. Just give in to it.” Zack cozied up next to me, and there went my moment of peace.

“Yeah, I got a feeling, and I call it nausea.” Dee always picked the losers. This was the third guy in a month that she’d brought home who had tried to hit on me. Doesn’t help that Dee’s legs are open 22/7. Have to give the girl some time to rest.

“Oh, so you are playing hard to get? I like that. I will be back,” Zack boasted confidently.

“I hope you won’t, or I will be taking you out with the rest of the trash,” I replied to him. He winked at me as he made his way back into Dee’s room. I don’t know what it is. I don’t think I’m ugly but people give me too much credit. I’m not that tall. I stand around 5’3”. I have long black hair hanging down to my waist. I do have two main companions that bring me a lot of attention, but all girls have them. I do have a backside to match my buddies up front. Still, I think people are crazy for hitting on me. I’m just like all the other girls in this corrupt world. One time another girl hit on me. Sorry, girls, my door swings one way and it ain’t yours, but I was still flattered. Then there are creeps like Zack that will just hump anything. Now I know why they are called dogs...

“Hey Lunnnnaaaaa...” I kept hearing my name in a distance, and finally realized that I fell asleep on the couch. I opened my eyes only to see Dee’s companions jiggling in my face, as she was leaning over to call my name.

“Dee, get those things out of my face, before I suffocate.” The last thing I wanted to see in the morning was two naked, melon sized mountains centimeters from my face. “And I think you found another creep.” I repeatedly try to warn her, but knew she wasn’t going to listen.

“Zack is amazing. I think he is the one.”

“The one what? The one for last night?” Nearly each guy she brought home was the “Chosen One” So far there had been at least 20 ‘The Ones’.

“We are going out tonight to Inco’s. Are you coming or not?” Dee was not paying attention to me. Inco was a hang out we all went to after work. It was an okay hang out. It was a place to relax after work; especially on Fridays, that served alcohol cheap and had edible food.

“I’ll see! Just make sure you keep that dog on his leash!” If he made a move on me, I would have to put Zack in his place or in a pound which ever was convenient.

“Oh, don’t worry. He will be on me all night.” Dee smiled.

“If I waste a good pitcher of beer hosing you both down, you better be getting your groove on at his place or the alley! I don’t really care where it is as long as it isn’t in front of me.” I know that sounded mean, but even cheap beer is expensive and I wasn’t about to waste any on some bar porn. My alarm ringing from my bedroom stopped our happy discussion; it was time for my ass to get ready.

“I really want to stay and chit chat but gotta go!”

“Well, hurry up, cause I have to go work, too.” To this day I don’t know what Dee does to make money and, honestly, I have no desire to find out. As long as she pays half of the rent: I really don’t care.

“Well, if you weren’t playing slip and slide with Zack you could have had the bathroom already!” I left Dee pouting on the couch, but I knew I’d be quick. It wasn’t worth it to fight with her. We are only allowed to use the shower for fifteen minutes or the building shuts the water supply for that day. One time they shut it down for a week because Dee got busy in the shower for 20 minutes two consecutive days. Needless to say, I stunk bad enough that I didn’t need to ask for alone time that week.

The mornings sucked! People were all around; idiot drivers cutting each other off with cars that weren't top notch. I'm guessing, sooner or later, the car companies will start manufacturing again, but I really don't care. I ride a bike to work. Not one of those badass bikes or crotch rockets, as the older ones would call them, I ride one of those regular bikes that a person has to pedal. Now you know my secret on how I stay so fit. It gets me from place to place so I don't complain. I work in the delivery business until the big name companies get back on their feet. The company I work for is called "On the Run". My supervisor is a douche, but it's okay. I have a few buddies that I work with that make the workday tolerable. I walk in and right away, Billy, my supervisor caught me.

"Luna, you're LATE," he yelled out.

"Thanks for emphasizing the word 'late' because, if you didn't bring it to my attention, I would have never known." This is basically how it goes every day. Billy always shouts out your faults, and we don't listen. Lucky for him, we weren't in the building long enough to hear his mouth.

"Package has to be run to mid-town," he said throwing the small box my way, which I caught with one hand. I am still surprised by my reflexes and, I guess, so was Billy. I tucked the package under my arm and moved my bike toward the locker area. I stuck my orange in my locker before closing it. As I turned to exit the row of lockers I stopped short, as there stood a desperate face sitting on a neck of slouching shoulders.

"Luna, baby, where have you been all my life?" The bald man asked me.

"Wigs, probably not paying you any mind," I responded. We call him Wigs because he'd come in once with a wig that looked like a dead rat on his head and, while on a run he ran into a boy chasing a ball and the wig fell off. The boy and Wigs were fine but unfortunately the wig didn't make it. He was a pain in my ass, but I still loved him.

"Ouch! You always know the right thing to say to a man," Wigs replied.

"You ain't a man. Maybe a boy without hair is more like it," A soft voice said from behind Wigs. Shanel was the toughest girl I knew, besides myself, of course. We called her Shy for short. Don't ask me how we got that name for her because I don't remember...and she is anything but shy. All the other guys loved her because she could be one of the guys and still be hot enough to be one of their dates. She was a little taller than me, but who wasn't? She was

beautiful variety of shades of brown: Maybe Caramel skin, mocha colored eyes, chestnut hair, even brown nail polish, and she was also curvy, guys loved that.

“Now there’s my girl.” I smiled then embraced her.

“Now why can’t I get a greeting like that?” Wigs complained.

“Cause last time I hugged you, my ass ended up in your palms!” I flicked his forehead. I love doing that to him.

“Well, Luna, it was in the way,” Wigs said.

“Well, you are well on your way to an ass whooping!”

“And all three of you are well on your way to being fired if you don’t get to work!” Billy said from behind the dispatch area.

“We are on our way, oh fearless leader!” I hollered as I saluted him.

“You guys are lucky you are not saluting unemployment!” Billy said. “Like I haven’t heard that threat within the last day and a half,” I muttered as all three of us walked past him, and stepped outside into the morning air.

“Any of you guys going to mid-town?” I wasn’t in the mood to be alone, even though I was a loner most of the time.

“I have to go downtown,” Shy said.

“And I’m going into the Village,” Wigs replied.

I think they saw the look of disappointment on my face.

“But we would love to take the scenic route,” Wigs said with a wink. Shy happily agreed. So we were off doing our job, which wasn’t as bad as it could be. We were out most of the time, so it was tolerable.

The day went by in a blur, which I was grateful for that. I just wanted to relax for two days and maybe get some sleep.

Once all three of us got outside, at six, it was a little cooler, but not cool enough to dampen our Friday night festivities. It might not seem like a lot to go to a bar on a Friday, but that is where we all went to just let loose. We all rode our bikes to the Inco bar, which only took twenty minutes; it seemed a lot faster since we were all talking. We stationed our bikes outside the bar and secured them to a fence. My bike was stolen once before, and Billy let me have it when I walked in late the next day. He hadn’t cared that my bike was stolen, and started a long speech about responsibility. It seemed he was waiting for the perfect opportunity to give me that

speech. All I heard though was: blah...blah...blah. That is what I usually hear coming out of his mouth.

When I walked in I saw Dee and , of course, Zack. Dee was straddling Zack's lap. Her skirt was...lets just say that you didn't have to guess what color panties she was wearing, and her movements were suggestive. I guess I was going to waste a pitcher of beer on them. They finally saw me and proceeded to wave me over.

"Don't worry girl. Me and Wigs will get a pitcher of beer. Just save us seats," Shy said.

"You don't wanna sit next to Dee when she is in heat. She would hump a bar stool," I responded. "Wigs get that thought out of your head!" I knew exactly what he was thinking: He wanted to be the next bar stool. I went to meet the two love birds, while Wigs and Shy went to get the beer.

"Hey, Luna. Glad you could make it!" Zack said.

"Yeah, because I couldn't wait to see you!" I rolled my eyes. Of course, Zack winked at me and didn't pick up the hint that I really didn't care if he was there or not. I was saved when Wigs and Shy came back with the beer.

"Remember what I said! Beer bath!" I reminded Dee.

"Oh, that is so hot!" Zack responded.

"I'm going to have to second that!" Wigs agreed.

"How about you second this?" Shy asked, as she smacked the back of Wigs' head.

"Thanks, Shy," I said through a laugh.

"So, you're telling me that there is not going to be a beer bath?" Wigs sounded disappointed.

"Yeah, sure, but you will be the only one attending." It was bad that Dee and Zack were being horn balls. I didn't want to see Wigs getting into that, at least not in front of me. Since I didn't want to lose a pitcher of beer, I went to play darts. Shy joined me. I guess she didn't want to witness what those two were capable of in public. I am all for public display of affection, but when it turns into a make out fest, my stomach isn't gong to handle it.

I was on point playing darts. I couldn't miss the sweet spot. I was on fire. That is what I call it. Wigs came over after his attempts failed to try to join the V.I.P. party of Dee and Zack. That is when I hustled some drooling dope at pool. Hey, I may be little, but I can still hang with the best of them. From thinking I was going to lose money by dumping beer on someone to gaining fifty dollars from hustling some guy, I had a pretty good night. I gave ten dollars each to

Shy and Wigs. It wasn't much, but every little bit helps during these tough times. I also take care of the people who love me for me.

After Shy insisted on playing 'Do the Hustle' on Jnco's ancient jukebox; It was around two in the morning when I went to walk Shy and Wigs out. And, of course, it happened again: My bike had been stolen.

"Are you really kidding me!" I was so annoyed. From euphoric to cranky in 2.3 seconds: a new record.

"Hey, look at the bright spot: Maybe someone else needed that piece of crap more than you did," Wigs said.

"Remind me never to ask you to cheer me up again." I wasn't that mad, but still how was I going to get home? I love the dark, but I was too tired to start walking.

"Hey girl, you can use my bike. Me and Wigs can head towards home with one bike. We live close enough, you know that. He can ride on the handle bars." Shy said.

"No, it's okay. Don't worry. I can walk." So, I watched both of my friends go on their way, and I was left alone in the dark city. I know it sounds crazy but the city when it was cloaked in darkness, was relaxing to me. That's why the walk home didn't really bother me that much, at least for tonight. The darkness did hide some of the chaos that surrounded the battered city. Don't get me wrong sometimes a little chaos is needed, but for tonight I was just going to let the cool night air hit my face and let my mind drift.

At least that was the plan until a knot formed in my stomach. I spun around quickly to see if I was being followed, but there was no one there. However, when I turned back in the direction of home, Zack was in front of me. Cue the chaos.

"You scared me," I blurted out. Zack looked kind of creepy in the shadows, well, creepier than usual.

"Hey Luna, why are you all by yourself?" Zack asked in a deeper and darker tone from the one I'm used to hearing.

"I'd ask you the same question. Please don't tell me she rejected you. That isn't a good look for you, matter of fact it isn't a good look for any man." This guy was creeping me out. Another knot formed on top of the knot I already had in my stomach. Zack stood in awkward silence.

“You know you are creepy enough already. This silent makes it way worse.” I know it was not the best choice of words but, again, I will not hold back, and sometimes that does get me into trouble. Finally I attempted side stepping him to make progress to my apartment, but Zack grabbed me with such a force that I was momentarily lifted off my feet.

“You are not going anywhere,” he growled.

“Is this how you treat all your ladies? And for a second I was thinking you were a ladies man,” I responded, as I tried to play off that I needed a miracle to remove his hand from my arm.

“Let go!” I commanded, but that didn’t make matters any better. He started to half drag me into the alleyway. “I guess you don’t take rejection very well, huh!” I was fighting as good as my current status of practical immobility would allow, but he didn’t budge. Zack was strong; a little too strong.

He kept advancing us into darkness. My voice had now failed me. All I could do was squeak. Way to perform under pressure. Soon, no one would see us, but I continued to struggle and squeak. Damn vocal cords that failed me when I needed them. I’m pretty sure this wasn’t supposed to be happening this way. Within moments of our meeting we were consumed by darkness. Zack now shoved me against the wall.

“Just give in!”

“Wow! Manners, Zack, manners. I guess the asking nicely went out the window, huh?” I questioned as my vocal cords started to kick in. He pressed himself against me pinning me to the wall. If I got out of this alive, I was going to kill Dee. Struggling against him seemed to please him so I tried to stay still and think. I had to make one final attempt to try and push lover boy off me but, before I did, I felt a sudden surge of energy course through my body. I pushed hard. It was successful. Better than expected actually. I’d slammed Zack against the opposite wall. I’m pretty sure that he was as shocked as I was, but I didn’t want to stick around to ask or observe. I was out of there. No look back. No tearful good-bye.

I’d reached the mouth of the alleyway when I felt a hand grab my shoulder and toss me back into the alleyway like a ragdoll. I landed hard on my back. What was going on? He had super human strength. I lifted my head, and I saw him jump into the air with the agility of a tiger and land right next to me.

“Well, you finally got me on my back. What’s the next step?” I wasn’t going to show this guy that I was scared but, truth be told, I was terrified out of my damn mind. His face was so

close to mine that the smell of liquor on his breath was making me tipsy. He moved in closer near my neck. And that is when I heard something move on the pavement behind my head.

“What a classy guy. Trying to get some on the first date are you?” A velvet-whisper of a voice spoke from the darkness. Zack looked toward the location of the voice. He snarled at the newcomer.

“You’re a real catch,” The voice said.

“I suggest that you leave before you get hurt,” Zack growled.

“Aww. Look at that, Luna. You even found a real humanitarian. He cares about the well being of others.”

The fact that the owner of the voice knew my name registered in my head but, I was pre-occupied with Zack having been in the process of removing my shirt to give it much thought. Zack lifted himself off me.

“I warned you!!!” Zack ran towards the corner with an inhuman burst of speed. His body flew out of the corner just as fast. He landed on his back harder than I landed on mine. Zack looked a little freaked out. It seemed that he really wasn’t accustomed to failure. He got up and ran off.

I quickly stood up. The ground was spinning. I guess I’d also hit my head. Or maybe it was adrenaline, or all the blood redistributing. And now I had to deal with another creep. He did save my life, yet he’d known my name, and I’m not a person to campaign my name with ‘Hi my name is Luna’ t-shirts.

“You really know how to pick the winners, huh?” The voice observed with a trace of amusement.

“Who the heck are you? I mean, don’t get me wrong: I appreciate the whole saving of the life thing, but could you use a less creepy tactic for next time? Just a suggestion.”

“Wow! You don’t waste any time snapping back, do you?” The owner of the voice was still in the darkness. I guess he really didn’t want to be seen. “Luna, and don’t ask me how I know your name. I won’t tell you. Save yourself the disappointment. I have been watching over you for quite some time now...”

“Oh, and you waited until some douchebag wanted to play Dr. Feelgood in a dark, dirty alley before you introduced yourself? Thank you so much I do appreciate the dramatic entrance.”

“I needed to see if you possessed the power I thought you might have. And tonight you proved to me that, with some patience and practice, you can develop these powers. These gifts.”

This guy was starting to creep me out. I was grateful and all, but this guy was way off his rocker.

“I thank you for saving my life, but since you are a wacko, I’m going to get back on my way to my apartment. Don’t try and creep anyone else out tonight.” I turned around to make my way out of the creepy alleyway, but I was still dizzy and almost fell. I balanced myself against the wall.

“You are the key to saving the world,” The figure in the darkness proclaimed.

“Wow! And you tell me I’m quick and snappy,” I replied fighting the losing battle against the dizziness.

“Well, since you are willing to leave so quickly I need to be direct to try and keep you here.”

“Don’t worry, once I can see straight, I...”

“There is a war coming. Things will be back to what they once were. And you are the key to stopping it,” the man explained.

“Okay, you get extra points for just trying to flatter me with the whole I’m the key thing.”

“You have powers that are natural that others are trying to possess through un-natural ways. There will come a time that you will have to choose the fate of the world.”

“Okay, whatever, the flattery is turning creepy. Oh, and how in the world did you know my name?” I asked even though he wasn’t going to answer me, but I was stubborn. No answer.

“Hello!” No answer. Damn it. What a night it has been. I may stay in tomorrow. I think I have dealt with enough creeps and nutcases to last a lifetime. I opened my eyes and noticed that the ground had stopped spinning so I took that as my cue to make my way towards my home...

-2-

Alleyway Blues

Some place in the city:

“Where is the test subject?” a deep voice rumbled.

“Dead,” A soft voice replied.

“That is the third one that we tested the serum on.”

“Before they were lasting mere days. This kid lasted a week and a half.” The owner of the soft voice stated optimistically apparently trying to gain approval from the other person in the room.

“It seems that the serum is attacking the test subjects’ immune systems which is in turn killing the host,” The deep voice observed with an under current of disappointment.

“We have to keep on experimenting. We did have a test subject that survived the process. And that subject was just an infant.”

“That was our prize. That child was a miracle. I still do not know how her mother escaped with the child so long ago. That child may be the key to everything.”

“Sir, it has been nineteen years since you have last seen the child. You wouldn’t know where to start looking.” The soft voice pointed out hesitantly.

“Natalia, we were ending a war that crippled the world. You think they are out of the city? I know she is still here. It is just a matter of time before she springs up.”

“Sir, how do you know?”

“That boy, Zack, had a confrontation last night before the serum took control of him. Nikko was supposed to have surveillance on him from the moment he took the serum. What Nikko reported is that he tried to attack a girl in an alleyway. A few minutes later he came running out like a little boy scampering away from a bully.”

“So? That means nothing.”

“Natalia, you are really naïve. The serum gave Zack uncanny strength. And you are telling me that he was outmatched by an average female? I think we may have found her. Have a team scout the area for the next few days. We must find out what happened in that alleyway.”

“Yes, sir,” Natalia replied.

Luna’s Apartment:

I woke up with a headache. The only headache that was remotely worthwhile was from a hangover. I had a feeling this wasn’t worth it! I’d had the weirdest dream (different from the last one): Zack was attacking me, and a creepy guy ended up saving my life, or, was it something that really happened? I had no clue right now. However, I had all day to dwell on it, so I decided that I was going to get some cheap coffee from the kitchen first. I heard a myth that

before the war there was this coffee place that charged an arm and a leg for coffee, but it was so good that it left people happily broke. I don't know about all that. I think I could contain myself. No coffee was going to get me that excited...and no man I may add.

I walked into the living room, only to find Dee was sitting there crying her eyes out.

"Dee, if you had the water shut off again, I'm really going to give you something to cry about," I threatened. I was going to be honest with her. Smelling like I took a swim in a dumpster for a week wasn't the highlight of my life.

"Zack's dead!" Dee sobbed.

"Wow! Let me remove the big ass foot from my mouth," I replied. Not only did I have to remove the foot with a gigantic shoehorn but I also had to get into best friend mode with Dee. I don't think I'm a bad person, but Dee was a drama queen. She knew Zack for as long as I knew a stray dog, and she was crying over him. Still Dee was my trampy friend that needed me. Then it hit me! What if my dream wasn't really a dream? So, I asked the question.

"Did Zack leave at any time of the night after I left Jnco?"

"What?! Didn't you hear he is dead? Who gives a crap about what happened after you left the bar," Dee responded harshly. I'm pretty sure it would've been better to ask it later in the conversation, and I'd jumped the gun and operation best friend was dissolving into a disaster. I attempted to redeem myself and here I went.

"I'm sorry, just asking...maybe something happened after I left since I didn't see anything crazy happen while I was there." She seemed to be coming around. I put in the time, I even patted her arm and everything.

"Oh...sorry, I'm just a little on edge," Dee sobbed.

"That's okay," I said hiding a smirk knowing that I'd dug myself out of a hole. "Do you know what happened?"

"No, I went over to his apartment for a booty call..."

"Since he's the one and all," I commented as I rolled my eyes. She didn't see me.

"Yeah, exactly, and I let myself in since he gave me a key. We were talking and stuff, and he fainted. Come to think of it he said he needed some fresh air last night, and that was right after you left," Dee explained. Damn, so my dream was a reality? Maybe. Inconclusive.

"And then what happened? After he fainted? I know the ending of the story, so give me the in-between," I pressed on, eagerly trying to piece my puzzle together...as well as caring for Dee.

“Well, I called the ambulance. I mean there was very little care they could give. It’s not like he was bleeding, so they couldn’t do anything...I followed them. But they say that he died on route.”

“Did they give you anything? Like what the cause was?”

“No...” Dee said as she let out more tears. I sat next to her and hugged her. I did feel bad for her. This wasn’t like a guy that just ditched her after a one-night stand.

“Oh, and someone left your bike in front of the door. You walked home yesterday?” Dee asked between sobs.

“What?” I raised a brow and released my hug.

“Yeah, when I came back from the hospital this morning it was there.”

“Where is it now?” I questioned anxiously.

“Behind the counter,” Dee said between gasping sobs. I hopped over the couch. I was surprised at my unaccustomed agility. I went behind the counter, and there stood my bike all in one piece. The way I left it prior to the robbery. There was a note taped to the seat of the bike. “Take better care of your things.” Now I knew it wasn’t a dream. I needed to know what was going on. Too many things were happening and trouble seemed to find its way through my doors. I’d need to go back to the scene of the crime, but I would have to do it later tonight. The creepo had stayed in the shadows and hadn’t wanted to be seen. I had a feeling he wanted to keep it that way. I comforted Dee for the rest of the day. Thank goodness she fell asleep for a nap. I was giving her till 1 a.m. to find the second ‘The One’ of the month. I, on the other hand, was pre-occupied with my own thoughts as the clock neared ten. This was my time. It was pitch black out and raining. I didn’t mind the rain, and the weather was warm so I didn’t have to worry about freezing my ass. I dressed in all black...not going to lie: I felt like a ninja waiting for action.

The problem with having long hair is it gets annoying when wet. I didn’t want to cut it short. I have mistaken too many women for men because of their choice of hairstyle, and I didn’t want to be one of them. When I reached the alleyway I didn’t feel any threat like the night before. But, still, it wasn’t a genius idea to go down the same dark alley where I’d got my ass whooped. Good thing I’m not Einstein. I like to read up on history. I’m a very well read girl. Well at least I thought I was. Guys don’t like it. They just want me to sit there and giggle, bat my eyes and open my thighs. Two words for them: screw you. Well, not literally.

I walked down the alleyway, and for the second straight night I was engulfed in darkness. As I made my way deeper into the alleyway I recalled the events from the previous night. That set a knot in my stomach. I looked in the corner where the man's voice had come from the night before. I made my way towards the corner, but all that was there was trash. I have no idea what I was expecting, but it wasn't a banana peel and half a burger.

"Back so soon?" The voice came from behind me. I quickly spun around. Again the figure was in the shadows.

"Well, you left a girl wanting more. You must be a hit at parties," I replied.

"In my field of work it is hard to party. But, thanks for the compliment."

"Hey, I try to boost the male ego," I replied to the man. For some odd reason I knew he wasn't a threat to me. How I knew this, I still had no idea.

"If you wanted to know whether or not I killed Casanova: the answer is no. Which upset me really, since I wanted to take some notes on how to score with the ladies."

"He was a charmer, wasn't he?" You saw how he had me eating out of the palm of his hand, and you wanted to know the secret. I truly understand," I responded sarcastically.

"I'm also not going to tell you who I am. Though I'm glad that you made your way back."

"I've got to tell you: your approach to win me over isn't working. Answer me this then. If you didn't kill him, who did?" I questioned, hoping that this guy wasn't a total douche.

"Technically, no one. It isn't as easy to explain as you may think," The man offered as a weak explanation. Wow, I guess I got a total douche, but I wasn't going to insult him just yet. I wanted to see where this was going.

"How about you go into the corner that you hid in yesterday, and let's have story time." Annoyance and sarcasm were dripping off my words.

"Luna, Luna, Luna, always to the point. I guess I can't make friends with you, huh?"

"I have enough friends. But if there is an opening I'll let you know," I responded. Wow, this guy was getting on my last nerve. If I hadn't seen him throw Zack across the alleyway like he was some type of ragdoll I would have tried to punch him.

"I guess you deserve some answers."

"I'm glad that you decided to come to your senses."

“Well, first off, Zack was on something to make him ‘super human’. I’m pretty sure I know where he got it from. He was a test subject.” The voice shifted quickly to the corner he was in the previous night.

“How do you know this?” I questioned.

“He was probably injected with some type of substance to enhance human abilities. Strength, smell, hearing, seeing, and feeling, of course, there may be more to that. At the same time the substance attacks the human immune system, which in turn kills the host. What you saw last night was super human being using his powers for evil...or maybe he was an angry ex.” The voice chuckled.

“Hey, I have that effect on the opposite sex,” I responded after I was given this wealth of information. If it was fact or fiction I didn’t know yet, but why would this man, I think he was a man, be lying to me? “How do you know all this? You obviously have super human strength since you threw Zack across the alleyway like he stole something. Did you think I missed that?”

“Were you really dizzy or did you just say that for dramatic effect?” The man asked. Oh, this guy was going to get his ass handed to him.

“I take back the life of the party comment,” I replied.

“Well, you do need answers: the reason I know what I know is because I was the only test subject to survive!”

“I didn’t see that one coming, but why hasn’t it attacked your immune system like you said. I don’t know if I’m disappointed yet on that out come.” I really didn’t know how I felt about this guy.

“Because I have created a counter antigen to help my immune system to fight the serum that gives me super human strength. Unfortunately, the antigen is becoming ineffective against the serum as time goes on, and, eventually, will kill me.”

“Who’s being dramatic now? The way you speak of this serum thing, it’s like you made it.” Silence. He better have not left me. “Hello!” I yelled. Then thought: maybe I shouldn’t be so loud. Oh well. Too late.

“I helped create the serum, yes. It was a mistake that happened right after the war. It was supposed to be good for mankind. But then there was him...Frank. He wanted to create his own army to start another war. I could not let it happen. I created the antigen after I took the serum trying to get lucky, and it has worked...until now.”

“So, where does that leave me in all this?” I was confused. I was just another girl trying to get by, so why was I so special? “Were you drunk last night when you were telling me I was the key crap?”

“Well, that is because...”

“Hey!” Another man’s voice shot from behind us. I quickly turned around.

“You know that is not a polite way to get someone’s attention. Next time say excuse me!” I admonished the stranger, knowing that my source of information was gone.

“You okay, miss?” The middle aged man asked.

“I was until you showed up.” I retorted.

“Sorry, ma’am,”

“I’m not an old lady! So watch yourself!” Ma’am was used for the older folks, and I was nowhere near their age. I started walking past the man to make my way out of the alleyway.

“Again, I’m sorry. I thought you were in trouble. I heard you speaking to someone.”

“I told you I was alright. I’m fine, thank you. Now, please, let me go on my merry way.”

“A young girl like yourself shouldn’t be venturing out this late at night,” The man comment.

“Thanks daddy, I will keep that in mind for future reference,” I said leaving him behind. I was expecting a repeat of last night, but fortunately I didn’t get it. But what the jerk did was manage to end the Q&A portion with me and the guy in the shadows. Maybe I should call him shadow man...nope too corny. I will need to come up with a nick name for him. Man in the shadows is to damn long...

Nikko:

Nikko grabbed his phone, and dialed out.

“There was a girl in the alleyway. She seemed like a wack job. Maybe a druggie.” Nikko started to listen to instructions from the other side of the phone.

“But she seems like any other girl,” Nikko replied. Nikko awaited further instructions.

“Yes, sir. We will have her followed. I’m just telling you that it is just a lost cause.”

“DO IT NOW!” The man from the other side of the phone shouted loud enough for other people to hear.

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